



**SAYS
THE EDITOR**

**WE'RE NOT AMONG THOSE
MACDOUGAL CENSURES**

"Inaccurate reporting, clumsy, or intended personal prejudices." So declares Dr. D. T. MacDougal, president of the Humane Society in regard to recently printed matter regarding the society and the dog quarantine.

AND HE DOESN'T MEAN US!

We capitalize that line because not so very long ago the public print whom the doctor is censuring made some nice and nasty remarks about us and what it claimed was our "inaccurate reporting, clumsy" and "intended."

We were amused by those remarks; we are amused by the doctor's now. We are amused by the person who wrote those remarks; we are amused by the doctor—but for different reasons. We think the doctor has a swell sense of humor, and manifests it neatly. Witness his comment on the proportion of really good people in Carmel, the growth of which he has followed, he says, for 30 years.

And then he says: "The number of self-conscious, selfish and unskilful dog-lovers is also very high."

Atta boy, doctor! We agree heartily with you on that. We love dogs and unself-consciously, unselfishly and skilfully. We say it and can prove it. —W. K. B.

**CARMEL WAS DECIDEDLY
DISCOURTEOUS TO
WISSMULLER**

Dear Mr. Bassett:

Last Thursday evening when I went to the opening of "Cradle Song" at the Filmarte, I looked forward with great anticipation to hear Richard Wissmuller play the beautiful program of Bach, Mozart, Handel and Schubert which he had chosen for our enjoyment.

The audience at large seemed hardly to be aware of Wissmuller's presence, much less of his music, for the louder he played the louder they talked and laughed; for those who desired to listen only a tone here and there was audible.

Mr. Wissmuller has been so generous and kind to the people of the Peninsula, is it not deplorable that he should be treated in such a manner?

I know, for a fact, that he had to use all of his self-control to refrain from leaving the stage.

Life offers so much time in which to talk and laugh, should we not accept the precious moments where beauty is offered with reverence, gratitude and in silence?

Sincerely,
BORGHILD JANSON

Carmel, March 1.

We agree with you, Madame Janson. Persons in the Filmarte audience last week-end were just as discourteous in laughing and talking and walking in and out during Mr. Wissmuller's playing on the Orgatron as they would have been had they acted in a like manner while Robert Meltzer was reciting his poem before the curtain. More so, you as a musician would say, and justifiably, and I would again agree with you, because there is a great gulf in human endeavor between a recitation and a recital, no matter how well the former may be done.

Wissmuller deserved the silent,
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Carmel River Cuts New Channel to Sea

CARMEL CYMBAL

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5 CENTS

AH! BIRD BATH, BUT NARY A RECEIVER

Now Carmel has a bird bath, a very nice one constructed by Roddie Maddock.

It was presented to Carmel Wednesday afternoon by the Monterey Peninsula Garden Club and what ceremonies there were took place on the village common, officially known as Devendorf Plaza, on Ocean avenue.

But the ceremonies were extremely skimpy, as far as Carmel is concerned. The women of the garden club, led by Mrs. William O'Donnell, were on hand, and photographers were there, too, but a reception committee, with gratification, pleasure, thanks and a speech of civic acceptance was utterly lacking.

Of course, Laidlaw Williams was on hand, and one might say that, when it comes to a matter of birds, a town could have Laidlaw and Laidlaw alone, and still be miles ahead of a reception committee, even gowned in open shirt-fronts and top hats. Laidlaw was there and selected the site for the bird bath—and, running up breathlessly as the last blade of grass was smoothed down around the base, was Corum Jackson, head man of the park and playground commission. But Mayor Everett Smith, whose business it is to keep trees comfortable for birds, or Jim Thorburn, who looks after the physical aspect of the city, or any of the other city officials was noticeably absent.

If we were the Peninsula Garden Club, the next time we had an extra bird bath to give away, we'd present it to Seaside or Marina. Carmel may be different and indifferent, but even Carmel, when presented with something, ought at least to smile.

WAS IT YOU? Number 12

You were sauntering up Ocean avenue as though you had a lot of time on your hands and you were carrying a newspaper in one hand. You went into the post office and asked for your mail at the only window that was open, because it was a little after twelve noon, and I think you also bought some stamps. Then you sauntered out of the post office and down Ocean avenue. You stopped in front of Whitney's and, standing on one foot, you fixed the cuff of your blue jeans. We couldn't help getting ahead of you then, so we don't know what you did next, but the next time we saw you was in front of Helene Vye's where you were talking to a young man. Then you went in Helene Vye's and looked at some dresses. Besides the blue jeans you were wearing a gray tailored jacket, blue socks and blue tennis shoes.

If you were this person, bring this paper into the CYMBAL office and we will give you a shiny new dollar or whatever we have in the dollar line.

DOG QUARANTINE MAY BE LIFTED, FORTIER SAYS

DR. D. T. MacDOUGAL HAS CAUSTIC COMMENT TO MAKE ABOUT DOG QUARANTINE KICKERS

To the Editor, CARMEL CYMBAL:

From statements made in the public press and in various meetings it is apparent that some confusion prevails as to the relation of the Humane Society (Monterey County Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals) to the rabies quarantine now in force.

This quarantine was established by the Consolidated Health Service of the County. The detailed report of control operations for February now on my desk justifies the conditions of the quarantine. I also have confidence in the direction of the Health Service. Even if I did not, the regulations are legal and enforceable. The equipment, personnel and organization of the Humane Society are utilized in the Peninsula cities and adjacent regions. This cooperation imposes additional work on the patrol and kennels and seriously disarranges the budget, so that the lifting of the quarantine will be welcomed by everyone connected with the Humane Society.

As a small number of people in Carmel are actively opposing the quarantine it seems pertinent to call attention to the fact that the census shows over a thousand dogs in this district, making a ratio to the human population not exceeded by that of any Indian rancheria or of any pueblo in Mexico which I have visited. The proportion of really good dogs is very high, and a similar state of affairs is to be found in the human population (the growth of which I have followed for thirty years). The number of self-conscious, selfish and unskilful dog-lovers is also very high, as may be plainly seen on any non-quarantine day on Ocean avenue.

Of the thousand resident dogs in

this district, 31 were impounded during February. This figure is cited, as some utterances would imply that a sweeping clean-up had been made in Carmel.

It is easy to sympathize with the ruffled feelings of any owner whose best friend has been caught out of bounds. But a number who have thus suffered are truly law-abiding and have called attention to other cases needing attention. Such active cooperation by John and Jane Doe will hasten the lifting of the quarantine, and the resumption of the daily swarming and will also enable the Society to devote all of its attention to other causes, which include about one serious casualty a day.

It seems hardly necessary to add that any person who will responsibly identify himself with a specific complaint or a constructive suggestion will receive every attention. No signed communication or telephonic conversation of this kind has reached the chairman. Anonymous libelous and abusive letters and messages have been sent to the operating staff. Despite their unfairness and evil intent they are illuminating and have some entertainment value.

So many persons have come forward to assure the directors of their approval and moral support that it does not seem necessary to comment on inaccurate reporting, clumsy, or intended, or to attempt to deal with personal prejudices.

This letter has not been submitted to the directors of the Society, but I am confident of their approval of its general tenor.

D. T. MACDOUGAL
Pres. Monterey Co. Soc. for the
Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
Carmel, March 2.

GEORGE KNAPP TAKES OUT PAPERS TO RUN FOR COUNCIL SEAT

George Knapp of M. J. Murphy, Inc. has taken out papers for signatures to place his name on the ballot as a candidate for the city council at the April election. He has as yet, however, made no definite statement that he will run. He and Ernest W. Aldrich are the only prospective candidates to date.

Aldrich has the following to say to the people of the city in announcement of his intention to be a candidate:

To the citizens of Carmel:

After being asked by a number of taxpayers, I have decided to be a candidate for the Carmel City Council.

I think the public should know of my qualifications as a public ser-

vant. I served the public about 15 years in Lyndon, Vermont—four public offices, by a vote of the people and an appointive office by the State Highway Commission for the state highway construction in the town of Lyndon. I was one of the first to help draw up a budget system for the expenditure of public money and I know from experience that the public funds in any municipality can be cut 25 or 50 per cent under this system.

If I am elected I will recommend to the Council and fight to have every department in the city put under the budget system. I will also recommend and fight for better streets with at least a 25 per cent cut in expense. I know that \$100 a mile to maintain a good dirt highway is ample. It is on record

(Continued on Page Four)

NO MORE RABIES CASES MEANS FREEDOM FOR ANIMALS HERE

The dog quarantine which has caused more unrest, unhappiness, grumbings, distress and general dissatisfaction in Carmel for the past month than a double depression could possibly arouse, may be lifted any day now.

This we have from Dr. R. M. Fortier, county health officer, who gives us definitely to understand that if no more rabies cases develop within the next week or ten days the ban on loose dogs may be done away with despite the regulation six-months' period for such quarantines.

"We can stretch a point if no more cases develop," he says.

But you are warned that this inclination on the part of the good doctor to relieve the present distressing situation in Carmel does not mean that the quarantine has been lifted. As a matter of fact, only this last Wednesday afternoon was the dog-catcher active on the

(Continued on Page Ten)

BEACH SLASHED BY DETERMINED STREAM; RAIN NEAR RECORD

Despite what happened Wednesday night and, as we write this, looks as though it would happen tonight also, Dr. D. T. MacDougal, who sets himself up as a weather prophet when he's only some sort of botanist, still insists that this season's rainfall will not equal last year's when the final drop is counted before the end of winter.

Officially, and that's all that counts, Dr. MacDougal records that during the 24 hours ending at 8 o'clock yesterday morning, .83 of an inch of rain fell, bringing the season's total at that hour to 19.97 inches against 19.32 at the same day and hour last season.

But we have a record of 28.06 last season which means that we have more than eight inches to go. The doctor, as we have recorded, says we can't make it. He also gives us the unofficial report that at his Carmel Highlands home at noon yesterday his gauge recorded 1.25 inches for the 24 hours ending at that hour.

The Pacific Ocean or, that is, that portion of it which has its gorgeous fun with the sands just beyond Reamer Point, met a playmate this last week that was a bit rough with it. The Carmel River which, ordinarily, defers to the sea in the matter and time of its ultimate disposition, manifested a deep

(Continued on Page Ten)

(Continued from Page One)

respectful attention of his audience, at least, and he should have had his applause and deep appreciation. That he received neither in the main is no reflection on his art, but it certainly is a sad commentary on what should be the innate decency of Carmel people.

Do you know, I believe that the radio is responsible for this degeneracy of public attention to artists, particularly musicians. I have walked into homes whose members were chattering like magpies against the background of what to me seemed to be beautiful music from their radio. They paid no more attention to it than if it were not coming out into the room. On such occasions I have often thought of the musicians in some far off place, playing with all the earnestness and vigor and love they have for their art. I wonder if musicians know how much of the beauty they create is lost, irretrievably, this way.

We have become careless of music because the radio has brought it so easily to us. We have cheapened it as Kimberley could cheapen diamonds by mining them at full blast and flooding the world with them.

What a pity it is that that attainment of man which gives him his closest relationship to the gods should be cheapened in the eyes and ears of his fellows by the gift of it. What fools we that we place the highest value on things that are the hardest to get, and because they are.

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Special Services For Young People At Community

With the beginning of the Lenten Season, the Community Church announces special Junior Church Services at 9:30 o'clock each Sunday morning to be conducted by the Pastor, the Rev. Homer S. Bodley, and featuring a Boys' and Girls' Junior Choir of 15 voices, directed by Mrs. Emma Evans.

This service will begin 15 minutes earlier than the usual time of Church School and will last just 30 minutes, after which the boys and girls will go into their Church School Class sessions. The pastor will speak this Sunday morning to the boys and girls on "What it means to Me to be a Christian." The choir will have a special musical number.

This service, while planned for boys and girls, will also be of interest to adults. An adult class is also a part of the Church School and will convene at the conclusion of the Junior Church Service.

The Junior Choir is rehearsing already for a special Easter program. Boys and girls interested in joining are invited to meet with the director on Saturday morning at 9 o'clock.

At the 11 o'clock service Mr. Bodley will speak on "God, the Great Giver." There will be special music.

The Epworth League will entertain the League of the Pacific Grove Methodist Church at Fellowship next Sunday evening. All young people are cordially invited.

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Following Milstein's concert on Wednesday night, Mr. and Mrs. John O'Shea held a reception at their Carmel Highlands home.

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The performance of "Cradle Song" Friday night was topped with a party given by Betty Bryant.

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Mr. and Mrs. Willard Binyon and their three children from Chicago are spending some time here, staying at Carmel Inn.

Most Decided View on Dog Quarantine

Editor, CYMBAL:

Perhaps the most discreet thing to do is to ignore the frothings-at-the-mouth of our doggy little Pine Cone. But after all where does discretion get you in this enlightened village, if any place? Or does it?

In case you wouldn't know, I'm referring to the habit your rival sheet has of madly chasing its tail around and around in its vicious circle. Fleas? No, the present rabies quarantine.

The bitings and snappings sound almost as if some one had a personal grudge against the S.P.C.A. And I'm wondering if the present very serious issue isn't being deliberately confused? Hoping for mob psychology, or something?

Now I myself am a great lover of dogs, owning three, giving them more devotion than some people give their children, and nothing hurts me more than cruel or negligent treatment of these fine, loyal friends. But in spite of all the rantings of the Pine Cone it seems to have overlooked a most important fact. The fact that the present quarantine law was made for the dogs' own protection, as well as the citizenry of the County. And made by the County Health Department and not by the S.P.C.A. The Animal Shelter and its officers are simply enforcing the law under the direction of the County Officials. And the dogs, I know, are handled in the most humane manner possible.

The Pine Cone's mis-information about the poor little strays being left to starve on the streets, while the fine aristocrats are picked up is ridiculous. The fine of three dollars and a half, imposed by the County, not by the S.P.C.A., is necessarily stiff for a very good reason, to force owners to realize the necessity of protecting their pets during this epidemic, not a get-rich-quick scheme for some fiendish member of the S.P.C.A. "I wonder what he does with all his money?"

Anyone who wishes to take the time and trouble to investigate, to find out exactly how the dogs and cats are treated at the Shelter (and this means the gutter pups and kits as well as the satin-cushion-in-the-parlor type), is always welcome. So-o-o-o if the weeping Pine Cone really wants to do something worth while, something constructive instead of destructive, I suggest that they get up a Petition and go to the proper Authorities, the County Health Department, with some sane and helpful suggestion to lift the quarantine, instead of trying to tear down such a humane and worthy organization as the S.P.C.A.

Very sincerely,

KATHERINE M. PETERSON
Carmel, March 1.

P.S. I would like to say to D. Q. B. of last week's CYMBAL that I know of many of our little four-footed friends who are riding gaily around in their masters' cars now instead of walking. A pretty good substitute, I should say, although, I grant, not quite as healthy, but perhaps they get their romp when D.Q.B. isn't looking?

—K. M. P.

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Francis and Elaine Whitaker (Forge in the Forest) and their children, Sheila and Stephen, pulled out of town in their car last weekend and brought up in Yosemite. They found eight feet of snow at Badger Pass. They came out by the Mariposa Big Trees and Francis says he hasn't words to describe the beauty of everything.

CARMEL CAPERS

We have neglected not only our column these past three weeks but also Carmel and surely we regret our derelictions more than anyone.

For, despite the ravings of an indulgent editor, we are regretfully convinced that our public can "muddle through" without us, and even the delightful little township of Carmel seems somehow to survive our long absence. It is we alone who suffer.

We feel insufficiently amorous about ourselves to write ourselves a letter, and it is futile to tell ourselves anything because of the peculiar qualities of our mind which appears to have all the retentive qualities of a particularly porous soup strainer. Therefore, we shall set down in these columns and try to remember forevermore, that Carmel is the most ridiculous place to leave and the most thrilling place to return to that it has ever been our pleasure to know.

If we could only retain our conviction of the above truth, we could not only cut down enormously on our gasoline consumption and rid the highways of a menace, but also improve the whole tone of urban night life by our conspicuous absence, and retire at least a dozen police on various forces between here and San Francisco.

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One of the nicer things about Carmel is its isolation from and sublime indifference to world events and conflicts.

We can lie for hours on our backs squinting through our knees at a gracious and untimely sun; vaguely conscious of the roar of the sea, of birds overhead and perhaps even of certain disturbing alcoholic emanations from the still bodies of our friends; but unaware of turmoil, of conflicting elements and slaughter in the outer world.

Sometimes it seems quite possible that even if the Japanese, or some other aggressive nation did fly right over our heads and drop a well-aimed bomb, we would go right on with our sun-tanning and our dreams and simply chalk up another victory to an over-vigorous or diarrhetic sea gull.

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In contrast to the wastrels and sun-baskers mentioned above, we give you Bert Heron, who was seen running out of his bookstore and down the street after two departing and very flustered female tourists yelling "what freedom could there be under Fascism." He returned to his store still muttering angrily "freedom under Fascism" — "freedom under Fascism" and Humph.

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The audience at the opening night of "Cradle Song" must have experienced some unpleasant climatic irregularities judging by telegrams sent to members of the cast. The first one said "knock 'em cold tonight," the next "warm 'em up tonight."

It also occurs to us that with half the young women of the town rehearsing and playing the parts of cloistered nuns during the greater part of last week, a very dynamic reaction should set in at any moment.

—LIBBY LEY

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Ted Watson is now well established at Georgia Tech and writes that there are no girls quite like the Southern girls, of whom he approves highly. Ted is planning to be back in Carmel again this summer.

Virginia Meets Up With An Elephant

Here's a bright little paragraph or two from another epistle to us from Virginia Scardigli. Imagine being able to see things as Jimmy does! Quite a girl.

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After so many weeks of rain, the sun has struck San Francisco and its inhabitants in many rather odd ways. The other day at the Crystal Palace Market, which seems to be giving away all the surplus on 1937 radios as well as furnishing its clients with an orchestra for the dancing among the onions and live rattlesnakes, a happy fruit vendor gaily gave away bananas to his customers of the moment, the while singing a frolicsome air and murmuring, "the sun... a beautiful day... a lovely sunny day... nice, eh?" And walking down Post street towards Fillmore last week, gloriously baking as I strolled, I really thought I had a sun stroke. Ambling out of a garage entrance just in front of me on the sidewalk was an elephant. I stopped and sort of shut my eyes for a few seconds and then opened them again when I heard the screech of tires on the pavement as an auto stopped dead and its driver hung out of the window with his mouth open. No, I wasn't crazy. It was an elephant, all right. A couple of keepers came out then and gave him some hay and an apple and the kids all came over from the park across the street and I finally managed to walk on past and then saw the posters for the circus at Dreamland auditorium.

At 4 o'clock that same day on Market street they tore down the scaffolding and sheathing that has been around the new Florsheim Shoe Store and there was a three-story building all wrapped in cellophane with a big red bow and a card reading "A present to the City of San Francisco..."

You know I love this city...

—JIMMY

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The Lenten schedule at All Saints' Church for the ensuing week includes the usual services on Sunday, a discussion group at 10:30 a.m. on Tuesdays, Holy Communion on Thursday at 10 a.m. and at 4 p.m. on the same day, evening prayer and an address.

Another Keeno Party Soon

The Mission Ranch Club is planning another Keeno party for March 10.

Beginning Tuesday, March 18, a badminton tournament will get under way at the Club. All members who are entering the tournament should come into the office or make reservations for it. Besides men's and women's singles and doubles, there will be singles and doubles tournaments for children and a consolation tournament for losers.

There will be finals in each class and prizes given to the winners. Then winners will play winners, and the winners of the men's and women's singles will play the winners of the doubles if they wish.

The play-off of all championship games will be at night and there will be a nominal charge of 10 cents for the gallery. The club is charging an entry fee of 50 cents for adults and 25 cents for children to cover the cost of the prizes.

The winners of the singles and also the winners of the doubles, if they wish, may play off in singles matches. The club champion then will play off in a final match against Jimmy Seaver, who will be here the latter part of March.

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The Carmel Cymbal

Women's Golf Play Starts Here Mar. 9

Women links luminaries from all sections of California were warming up on their home courses this week, their eyes on the annual Pebble Beach Women's championship, set for the seaside course March 9-13.

Defending her title will be Clara Callender of the Monterey Peninsula Country Club. Clara took the crown for the first time last year when she downed the five-times holder of the title and former national champion, Marion Hollins of Santa Cruz, 4 and 2 in the final.

The 18-hole qualifying round will be held Wednesday. Thursday will bring the first round of match play. Second round is slated for Friday, the semi-finals for Saturday, with the 36-hole final scheduled for Sunday.

Prospects this year point to a giant entry, with a large delegation expected to trek north from Southern California.

Leading challenger of Clara's supremacy is Mrs. Helen Lawson Shepherd of Los Angeles. Record sheets reveal a strong rivalry between the two.

Clara started it by defeating Mrs. Shepherd 7 and 6 in the final of the California championship last year to win the crown.

In the Del Monte Women's championship in August, Mrs. Shepherd downed Clara 3 and 2 to win that event. The pair met next in the third round of the nationals at Memphis in October. Mrs. Shepherd defeated Clara by the same margin by which she herself had been downed in the state event—7 and 6.

Also coming up from Southern California is Southern California champion Peggy Graham, who is also, like Clara, 18 years old. Clara and Peggy have never met in tournament play. Peggy was defeated by Miss Hollins 3 and 1 in the semi-finals last year. Not to be counted out of anybody's reckoning is that rising young local star, Mary Morse. And, of course, Marion Hollins is a strong threat.

Also expected to be on hand are Barbara Beach Thompson, Anita and Marie Dieckmann, Mrs. Louis Lengfeld and Mrs. Thomas McLaren of Northern California.

Southerners include Mrs. Paul Gardner, Mrs. George Lewis, Mrs. Rogers Clark and Mrs. Jane Reynolds.

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EARL AND KIP BUY MOTOR SCOOTER—OR WILL

Earl Graft and Kip Silvey have bought Stuart Montmorency's motor scooter.

Montmorency doesn't want us to print this. He says the money hasn't been laid on the line. But this should get it there. If THE CYMBAL says they've bought it, now they have to. People are going to ask them about it; who has it on Wednesday and who on Sunday? And do they change off nights? Or do they both ride it? And does it have to have a license? What does Bob Norton say, or do they care what he says? Things like that. They've got to have it to answer any or all of these questions. They have got to buy it now. Anyway, they've paid a deposit.

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Guests at a tea given recently by Mr. and Mrs. John Magee at their Pebble Beach home were Mr. and Mrs. Christopher A. Buckley, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Paul Winslow, Mr. and Mrs. S. F. B. Morse, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stanton, Mr. and Mrs. Francis McComas and Mrs. W. H. Winslow.

'Round the World By Freighter' At Sunset Auditorium Tonight



The "sacred island" of Miyajima, Japan, on the Inland Sea, where no one is allowed to be born or to die. Millions of cherry blossoms covered the island at the time Alton Walker filmed this section of Japan last summer. Natural color motion pictures of a trip around the world by freighter will be shown tonight and tomorrow night at Sunset Auditorium, sponsored by the Carmel and Monterey Posts, American Legion.

If you want to go 'round the world by freighter drop into the Sunset Auditorium tonight or tomorrow night and get aboard with Alton Walker. Walker makes it a lot easier for you than it was for him. He shows you the colored motion pictures he took on such a trip and we have it from other communities where he has appeared with his projector that the program is interesting, educating and, which is most important, exciting.

Walker's unusual travelogue is being given in Carmel under the

auspices of the Carmel and Monterey posts of the American Legion. In addition to the 'round the world film, Walker will show you, also in color, how delightfully you can go "Through Mexico With Your Own Car," or, in fact, even one you still owe the finance company for.

There's a slight charge for accompanying Walker on this trip. If you're grown up, it is 50 cents, and if you are still somewhere in your teens, it's 25 cents. You couldn't expect to go around the world any cheaper than that.

Anne Greene and Adolph Teichert To Present Joint Recital

Members of the Musical Arts Club will gather next Tuesday at the Carmel Highlands home of Frank Wickman to hear a joint program to be presented by Anne Greene and Adolph Teichert.

Both young pianists have been heard here recently in recitals and are artist students of Frank Wickman. Besides appearing in the Bach Festival last summer, Anne

Greene has given concerts in the Bay Region and in New York.

Adolph Teichert came to Carmel in the summer of 1936, after graduating from the University of California. He presented two programs last season at the home of Frank Wickman, whom he accompanied to New York this fall.

The program is as follows:

Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue	Bach
Adolph Teichert	
Theme and Variations in B Flat Suite	Handel
Anne Greene	Scarlatti
Reflets dans l'eau	Debussy
Des pas sur la neige	Debussy
Jardins sous la pluie	Debussy
Adolph Teichert	
Variations and Fugue on a Theme of Handel	Brahms
Anne Greene	

Nursery School Opens Mar. 14

Members of the Carmel Girl Scout Council will entertain the mothers of the Girl Scouts this afternoon at the Scout House for tea and a program.

Mrs. Webster Street of the training and personnel committee will conduct the program which will include a talk to the mothers by Miss Edith Tweedy on "New Trends in the Girl Scout Program." A demonstration troop meeting will be carried out by Carmel Girl Scout Troop 2.

Members of the council are Mrs. Peter Ferrante, Mrs. R. R. Wallace, Mrs. William Dekker, Miss Ruth Huntington, Mrs. Millard Klein, Mrs. Talbert Josselyn, Mrs. T. W. Van Ess and Mrs. Street.

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'CHRONICLE'S' ROTOGRAVURE OF CARMEL IS OUT

This Sunday's Chronicle contains the Carmel roto gravure section we told you about the making of some few weeks ago. You remember,

Ben Schafer, artist, and Jack Wallace, roto editor, were here taking pictures and getting more or less intelligent captions. We've always been suspicious of these San Francisco newspapers in their roto of Carmel. They always try their best to make us look damned silly. But we have heard in advance that this Chronicle roto display is good. There's one picture they took which we know will be just too, too divine—if they print it.

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More Than Just Acting Down At Filmarte

There's more than just acting connected with The Carmel Players.

It's a busy bunch down there at the Filmarte Theatre.

It's also an enthusiastic bunch. You'd be surprised at the amount of work the organization gets out of its members, and apparently so gladly contributed.

Look at Col. C. G. Lawrence. Besides being a most necessary adjunct to the Players as a weather prophet (some of the stage settings have to be kept out of doors) Colonel Lawrence is a demon for actual physical and mental toil in the interests of the organization. Frank Townsend says he's a genius, when as a matter of fact he's down on the program of the plays with only the notation: "Set construction by —" But the colonel, it seems, constructs sets out of nothing, or out of junk, as Townsend puts it. We quote Frank: "He can do more with a pile of junk than any man I ever saw." Townsend must be balmy. There was nothing about the stage settings in "Cradle Song" that looked like junk.

Then there's Eleanor Irwin. We here on the CYMBAL have a particular love for Eleanor so that what we might say about her will have to be taken with a cellar. But she does the costumes for the Players, assiduously, of course, but easily, too, as in the manner of an artist.

And take Marion Howes. You may not know Marion, but you should. It took considerable intrigue, ingenuity, genius and a fine Italian hand to get the properties for "Cradle Song" and have them exactly the right properties. Besides playing the part of the Mistress of the Novices in "Cradle Song," Marion did the "props."

As for Margaret Lang, you can't tell much about her. You can't get her to stop long enough to find out much about her. Margaret is here a minute, there a minute and everywhere all the time. The Carmel Players never had a more assiduous worker.

Then, there was another import-

ant and delightful contribution to "Cradle Song" that helped to round it out. It was provided by Anne Sapero, Margaret Konarsky, Joan Luck and Dee Brandt.

There's more than just acting connected with The Carmel Players.

It's a busy bunch down there at the Filmarte Theatre.

It's also an enthusiastic bunch.

+ + +

May Marr, of La Bonita Beauty Shop, is still laid up as the result of being thrown from her horse on February 22.

EL FUMADOR

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George Knapp Is Candidate For Council

(Continued from Page One)

that I have done it and I have the record.

We have about 30 miles of road in Carmel. Now figure it out for yourself. On that basis it would cost \$3000 to maintain our roads for a year. Compare that with what it has been costing for maintenance on record in the City Clerk's office.

It doesn't seem right to me to go outside of the city to get any services, labor or otherwise, unless absolutely necessary and I shall recommend to the Council that every dollar of the taxpayers' money be paid out for local labor or services where possible.

I am in favor of maintaining the tradition of Carmel as it was intended by the founders. Of course, I realize that Carmel is growing fast but I feel that there is no call for its growth to get us away from the original artistic Carmel.

I will pledge myself to notify the public through the press when every meeting is to be held. I am absolutely opposed to any meeting of the council being held behind closed doors because, after all, the council is the servant of the people, not the people the servant of the Council.

—ERNEST W. ALDRICH

+

"EAST LYNNE" REHEARSED UNDER 1000-WATT LAMPS

"East Lynne" will be produced by the Denny-Watrous management in the First Theater, Monterey, on the evenings of May 27, 28, 29 and 30 and June 1, 2 and 3. June 3 happens to be Monterey's birthday and a celebration is planned. The First Theater will therefore stage "East Lynne" as part of the festivities.

Ten prospective members of the cast read parts in the office of the P.G. & E. in Carmel Wednesday evening. Funny, isn't it, "East Lynne," with none other than George Marion directing, having what might be called its first rehearsal, surrounded by blazing 1000-watt electric lamps?

+

"Faces," a short-story written by Talbert and Winsor Josselyn, was broadcast Saturday night over NBC in a program originating in New York and relayed by numerous stations.

THIS THING AND THAT

A chesty young lodger named Roger
Was an agile vehicular dodger
Till he crossed on the red
And then he was dead
And his landlady minus one lodger.

A charming young lady named Hester
Delighted her friends as a jester.
When she emptied her gun
Through Officer Munn
He smiled and said, "Boys, arrest her."

projected a luminous aura.
Projected a luminous aura.
When approached by the press
She exclaimed, "What a mess!
"I've not the slightest idea what it's for."

An instructor of swimming named Dee
Enrolled a young miss called June Lee.
When she refused to be kissed
He snarled, "School is dismissed,"
And hurled her far out in the sea.

A furious fellow named Michael
Pedalled all around on his cicael.
"Why should I hike
"When I know how to bike?"
Yelled this singular cicaeling Michael.

—E. F.

LILTS FROM LILICO

(You know that swell-looking girl with the blonde hair, the nice eyes, the captivating smile, the physical ensemble that sort of reminds you of what the Queen of Sheba looked like in your imagination when you first heard of the Queen of Sheba, or Catherine of Russia, or Helen of—no, she must have been a brunette, or (Adrienne's going to give us hell if we go on with this)—but Miss Lillico has agreed to chatter with the rest of us in CYMBAL columns until she's too much annoyed by it, or you are. —Ed.)

+

The day has come when we cannot sit at the table and wheel off the leaves of an artichoke, stroke it over a mound of mayonnaise, then with the teeth draw out the delicious material on the inside of the leaves, without giving it our full attention. Since the Carmel River laid its watery blanket over the artichoke fields, it is interesting to look forward to finding various articles relaxing on the leaves at dinner time. Only the other night I came across an interesting morsel in the form of a Lucky Strike cigarette wrapper resting contentedly on the second layer of leaves in my artichoke!

+

At night school Thursday evening, a young lady complained that she had broken her glasses, but would try to take the speed test anyway. A few minutes later she ripped the paper impatiently from the typewriter and threw it on the desk. It read:

"Suppose we take a peep behind the glancing envelope of a big slice of the clogged manager. What would a local highgrade stenographer become by the process of elimi-

nation, simply thrown into the waste basket? The highgrade stenographer slid gently off the desk into a yawning waste basket which the applicants had failed to date. They are so well known in scrawly peeps on the assumption. By the time the original arrangement had been reduced to 25, the two masons were at work laying stone. In view of the finished job, Miss Smith's ladder of pure drudgery rendered the twins of business success."

+

A gentleman asked a friend on Ocean Avenue if he had been horseback riding recently, as the friend appeared to be stiff. The friend replied that he had not been riding, but had been trying some of that Shan-Kar stuff the night before!

+

One of Carmel's charming hostesses spoke of her childhood on a large farm in the East. She used to take the cows to pasture in the mornings and call for them in the evenings. When ten years old her life was full of excitement, so on mornings when she was in a hurry to get the cows settled, she took a pan of salt (which she tells me is a cow's idea of heaven) and ran before the mooing group who were following as fast as cows can run. What would have happened if she had tripped, we don't know, but anyway, it worked to get the animals to the pasture in no time at all.

+

Bettie Greene's horse was busy untying the knot which held him to the Stop Sign by the Post Office while Bettie had gone in for the

mail. He had practically freed himself when she came out to get on board. No wonder several of the breakfasters in Walt's Dairy were working their teeth likewise untying the curly bacon. A neigh from some of them wouldn't have surprised me in the least, including myself.

—ADRIENNE LILICO

+

NATIONAL SCOUT OFFICIAL TO BE HERE MARCH 18

C. N. Miller, assistant national director of Boy Scouts of America, will visit Carmel and be present at the monthly luncheon meeting on Friday, March 18.

This meeting, like all others, will be held at the Golden Bough room of the Blue Bird Tea Room at 12 noon. All fathers of Scouts or Cubs will be welcome and are urged to attend. The cost of the luncheon is 62 cents and those who plan to be there should make reservations.

+

UNIVERSITY WOMEN TO HEAR DR. LANDAUER

The American Association of University Women of the Monterey Peninsula has combined with the Salinas branch to bring Dr. Carl Landauer down from Berkeley to speak at its dinner to be held Wednesday night, March 9, at 7 p.m. at Highlands Inn. Dr. Landauer has been teaching economics

at the University of California since 1933 when he was expelled from Germany. He is the author of two books on planned economy and labor problems and his topic for Wednesday night will be "Hitler's Successes and Failure."

Reservations can be made with Mrs. Howard E. Clark by calling 1072-W.

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CLANGING CYMBALS

I SHALL NEVER MARRY AGAIN



Suddenly there he was. The Woman didn't know how he got there, or perhaps it was how she got there. Likely, a trick of the last full-day-light striking blatantly in the big north window as if to take a last look around, picking the Man out so strongly that the Woman was able to see him altogether at once. As you see and judge an animal in a prize ring, she thought. Keen looking, even handsome; the right age, the right tie, the creased trousers. She could see, too, that he wasn't used to being in the ring; had none of the wariness, no showmanship, either. Well, that'll come if he stays here long, she thought, and caught him smiling at her.

You seem to know everyone. Yes. And you? You look new to Carmel.

Four hours, the Man said. Four hours, thirteen minutes and a hot bath.

Staying a bit?

Month, I guess.

Um. Now I'll guess. In the summer of 1962, you'll say to yourself one misty morning. By gosh, Ma, it's time we went home to visit the folks. Nigh onto twenty-five year, by gosh, Ma. Yes... that's about right. 1962.

What on earth...?

Skip it. Now they had established a relationship and the woman pulled it closer together, making a meaningless little mouse over the edge of her glass; making the first syllables of a language of their own. He smiled again. The Woman saw herself standing with the Man alone on an eminence, in a field, in flowers. Back and forth in the big room faces went, stereopticon-like, hardly real, anaesthetized by her growing separation from them. Voices came out clearly, disjunctively.

I shall never marry again, said a bland blonde, focussing her eyes desperately on Clay Otto's beard. She seemed to be burrowing for something in that hirsute ambush. Definitely, she repeated, as if she had discovered what she was looking for and found it pleasingly loathsome, I shall never marry again.

That, said the Woman, is our national anthem, our theme song.

I beg pardon? the Man asked, leaning on her.

Nothing. Nothing. Carmel is a city of asides. We mutter in our beards.

Oh, is that why?

Is what why?

Why the beards.

To be sure, there were Bill Kneass and Bob Meltzer also caparisoned in hair. Millions for defense, the Woman said, and not one penny for an outfall sewer. They do look like stand-ins for John the Baptist, don't they!

A certain accumulation of sluggishness fell off the Woman. She felt suddenly like running in the fresh air, like rolling on wet grass. The Woman saw the Man reach out and take her hand. She was not lonely, at last.

He was saying, Tell me about these people. One hears this and that of Carmel... is it amusing... are they? Let's talk about them. D'you mind this hard bench? The Woman didn't mind at all. She

felt a faint trickle like liquid pleasure, run down her thigh as he moved closer. The big room was now at low ceiling visibility. Outside, a round dune had sucked in the sun. It was the hour when the pale beautiful half-light came in its shy way to baffle the candleglow. Her face buried in this light the Woman watched the Man bring her a canape; watched him come down the track like a streamlined locomotive, slowing to take her on. The Woman saw herself in the luxurious chair car. She heard the insistent beautiful wheels turning and grinding, turning and grinding... the Salinas lettuce fields fleeing by... a white Alp stalking... the sluggen Nile sulking... haystacks in Spain... the Man behind the newspaper.

Now, this woman coming in, he said, touching her knee and pointing with his head, Who is she?

That's Tilly.

And Tilly? Is Tilly as splendid as she looks? As she moves?

Oh, more. Much more. Now what is Tilly? I know... Tilly is a great golden cat. See? Of dignity, of knowingness, of such integrity. *Felis inscrutabilis*.

He saw. Yes, yes. And such fine fur. All laid end to end and woven in strands and piled on her head. That's it, walk under a candle light, Tilly, with your shining abundant fur.

How difficult to find a good cat, the Man sighed, just as if he had been down on his hands and knees looking under everything for a good cat. One with a touch of the trull, the alley cat, that makes the whole world kin. Impossessable, impossible.

The golden puss that is Tilly glides out of sight behind Laidlaw Williams. A voice comes into line.

"Well, I was walking along the beach at dusk and this duck was right under my feet, washed up high and dry. So I pick him up, intending to put him back, you know. But at that moment an idea strikes me, an idea for a joke. So I..."

The Woman suddenly wants to laugh. Disembodied, she hears the cacophony hurtling hither and yon. Kakos, she said aloud, Phoney. But it wasn't a bad noise; only amusing. She saw the crockery begin to fly about, to sail under its own steam. One of Henry Dickinson's lovely eucalyptus goblets, with a pink light on its belly, leapt gallantly to the punch bowl, made a grave obeisance and flitted back to take its place between red lips. I shall never marry again, formed the red lips on the purple rim of the goblet as the blonde gazed covetously at the top of Mike Maskewitz's head. A cracker flung itself at Dorothy Comingore's mouth just as it was laughing, and choked. Oh dear, said the red pottery cat, leaping into Amelie's ready arms.

The Woman heard the Man say "You've come at last. After the desolate years. After the breath-holding. When the hope goes. Now. Now."

"It only goes to show, doesn't it! How you get your mind all cozily fixed up about a thing and, pop... 'What did you get your mind fixed up about, Linda?' 'I got all my complexes down in one column, nice pat little column, nicely added up. Headed, 'Prohibition Era.' Now comes this damned Connick man and I find it was all my nasty old habit of hanging around the Metropolitan Museum. The Thinker,

I think..."

Out of their silence, the Woman said: Oh, here is Janie.

And Janie?

But Janie is Carmel. Epitome, palimpsest, all. See, she moves like the Mother of All Living. That's what she is. Tends the art gallery—mother's helper to all the poor harassed artists. Oh, and she knows things, too. Yesterday—out of hours—she said, 'Want to see a picture?' She got in her seven-year-old son, just out of the tub, called him to fetch his cat. Picture... well you, perfect. Well, you see, we need the human figure in the gallery. You should have seen it—someone should paint it. Background, all that scenery (we breathe and eat scenery), the Ritschels, the Hansens, the big O'Shea; and then the boy, reaching for the cat. 'Floor Show,' we called it. I tell you—perfect.

There was Janie, moving with her rhythm, the rhythm unwinding from composure like a strand of silk mysterious from the silk worm. Mysterious, of nature. The Woman saw the Man unclothed, standing back to her at a window... warm summer window... And there shall be for thee all soft delights... a casement ope at night... the warm love in'...

"Well, so I put the duck in the paper sack and when I went through the barroom at Whitney's no one noticed. I ran the wash basin—in the men's room, you know—full of water and I left the duck there. They're quite docile. Only they'll peck at your eyes. But there he was, in the men's room. So I went back to the bar and ordered a beer and waited. Well, pretty soon..."

The Woman saw her friend, the artist, coming at them. Oh, here you are, he said. I said to myself, can it be she, she herself. Can it possibly? And here you are with your eyes like diamonds and all coiled in fur, golden fur, golden lady. Now I see you like this and there is a great sloping field with snow and points of light like the diamonds in your eyes and a great elm. We are alone there in the night, you and I and, yes, a faint aurora borealis and there is a sled in the snow and the blades of dead grass (the speaker makes small ensiform motions with his hands) the blades of dead grass and the old dead goldenrod heads coming out of the snow. Then I see we are rushing downhill on the sled, faster, faster, and I see your golden furs flying and the little hummocks of dead grass running by and I see you laughing and the big elm... and then I see you standing naked in a small stream, a green-gold stream and all around you the bamboo, the lavender points in the water, the virginal water... very pure... yes, yes, I'm coming, Peggy.

The Woman feels very pleasant, wonderful, really. My very good friend, Paul. He does that with a brush, too. Excellently.

"Well, there was a drunk at the bar and pretty soon he gets up and staggers out to the washroom. Haw haw haw, you should have seen him. He simply fell back into the room. For Christ's sake, Henry, there's a duck in there... by God, what've I done now... a live duck... what'll I do... mama..."

Well, he put his head down on the bar and cried. I had to hold my belly to keep from laughing...

Yes, she felt wonderfully well. Largeness and light were in her universe; essential loneliness falling away. The Woman saw the Man turn from the casement... little homely motion... scratching the inside of his thigh... smiling... killing his cigarette... Mother, it's

bedtime. Come on. Bedtime...

"And that isn't all. You know Katie... Katie the guardian angel of Whitney's. Well, Katie had to go see. Well, just then a salesman came in from S.F. He'd had a long drive, you know, and he beat it for the washroom... what did he find... a woman and a duck..."

The beautiful pale light has gone. Endless moving echelons of smoke patrol the room, obscuring the faces. But things do not cease from springing about. There is Eleanor's tall-boy just about to hurl itself at the back of Jerry Chance. A thin scimitar of candlelight is busy cutting a mahogany coffee table in two. The great oak door springs open.

Yes, the door really has opened. There is the scuffle of smoke and fresh air. There is a face.

This girl I don't know, the Woman said. She must be new to Carmel.

Four hours, said the Man. Four hours, thirteen minutes and a hairdo. Here, over here, darling. See, I've been taken care of... This is my wife...

Oh, the beastly drier. I feel so skun, my hair just done.

I feel so skun, my hair just done, the Woman repeats. She takes out her powder puff, suddenly feeling unsightly. Suddenly feeling tired, as if her eyes were out on the ends of sticks like grasshopper's eyes, and she so tired of it. So tired.

Hell, she said, I'm always doing that. For she had dropped her bag and all the little businesses, the keys, the pennies were scurrying for cover. The host came up. "Here, you two, come on, be introduced."

The Woman was alone, on her knees. The silver lucky piece had got under the low daybed. She put her arm and hand out straight on the dust of the floor. She felt a kind of numb place on the flat of her buttocks. That bench must have been quite hard.

—LYNDA SARGENT

+ + +

WELL KNOWN PLAY DIRECTOR HERE FOR 'CRADLE SONG'

Thomas Wood Stevens, writer and director of many plays presented in New York and on the West Coast, was in Carmel over the week-end to see the Carmel Players production of "Cradle Song." Stevens is now in Palo Alto getting the drama situation settled for Stanford University, and will visit there once a year to see how things are progressing. Besides being the author of "Nurserymaid of Heaven" which was produced here several years ago by Ted Kuster, Stevens was the man who made the Globe Theatre versions of Shakespearean productions used in the World's Fair at Chicago and at the San Diego Exposition.

+ + +

BOYS' CHOIR MEMBERS GUESTS AT DINNER

Twenty-members of All Saints' Church boys' choir were guests at dinner and for an evening of entertainment at All Saints' Church last Monday evening. Those in charge of the affair for the mothers' association were Mrs. Carrel J. Hulsewé, Mrs. L. H. Levinson, Mrs. Carl Rohr, Mrs. Frank Bell and Mrs. J. O. Handley.

Kite Festival On March 19

Carmel's kite festival will be held Saturday, March 19. Already more than 100 kites have been started by the boys and girls.

The same rules apply as in the past. A kite must be made by the one who enters it in the contest, and made this year. Prizes will be given for the best made, the highest flying, the oddest and the prettiest. The oddest is for boys only and the prettiest for the girls only.

Thanks to the generosity of some public-spirited people who have given donations the prizes in this contest are made possible.

The Rev. Willis G. White is the originator of, and responsible for the annual kite-flying festival.

+ + +

STUDENTS UNION HEAD TO TALK TO YOUNG PEOPLE

Miss Elizabeth Reynolds, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman T. Reynolds and chairman of the American Students Union, will be the speaker at a meeting of young people at 7 o'clock next Sunday evening at the Parish House of All Saints' Church. All young people anticipating college life are invited, regardless of any other affiliation.

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In the matter of names for a food column we are not guided by Hebrews XIII, 8.

I was going to keep away from recipes for a while but—when the hens are laying fast and furiously so that eggs are charmingly low in price, my resolution weakens. This is the time of year when thoughts turn naturally to sponge and angel cakes and it's fun to cook if you don't mind how many eggs are called for. My mother used to make a wonderful cake, a combination of sponge and angel, a sort of "gold and silver" cake. Now that eggs are plentiful it is a good time to try it although, at that, it requires only half a dozen, which is certainly very reasonable. Six egg whites; 1/2 tsp. cream of tartar; 3/4 cup sugar and 1/2 cup flour sifted together 4 times; 1/2 tsp. salt; 1/2 tsp. lemon extract. Beat whites until stiff and fold in other ingredients. Pour mixture into one of the large angel cake pans. Then take 6 egg yolks, 3/4 cup sugar and 1/2 tsp. salt and beat thoroughly. If you use an electric mixer, beat at least 2 full minutes. Sift 3/4 cup flour with 1 tsp. baking powder 4 times and add a little at a time, alternating with 1/4 cup boiling water. Flavor with lemon extract. Place this mixture by spoonfuls on top of white batter in cake tin. Bake in very moderate oven from 35 to 40 minutes.

Just one more egg recipe. This is a Fluffy Crumb Omelet, for which you need 1/2 cup bread crumbs, 1/2 cup milk, 6 eggs, 1 tsp. salt, 1/8 tsp. pepper, 1/2 tsp. baking powder, 3 tbsp. butter. Heat the milk and pour over bread crumbs. Cover and let stand. Separate eggs and beat whites stiff and yolks until thick. Add salt, pepper, baking powder and crumbs to yolks. Mix thoroughly and fold in beaten whites. Melt butter in large skillet and pour in mixture. Cook slowly, lifting occasionally around edges with spatula. When golden brown on bottom, set skillet in oven under broiler unit and cook top. When this is set, but not brown, remove to hot platter and serve at once.

If only hens would see their duty and do it all the year round!

As a companion volume to "Live Alone and Like It" every Living-Alone-Lady should own a copy of "The Kitchenette Cook Book" by Ruth Taylor (Scribner's Sons). Even the women who are satisfied to eat most of their meals out in tea rooms and restaurants could hardly help hankering to try a few dinners at home if they glanced over this enticing book. It is very cleverly written and planned especially to appeal to a woman who has little time to spend keeping house. This is not just the usual collection of recipes but a series of menus, with necessary recipes attached. Best of all, however, the directions tell how to prepare a whole meal so that everything will be ready for serving to yourself at the right time. This, as any amateur housekeeper knows, is the hardest part of getting a dinner.

The book is divided into three parts. In the first, you are told about the best arrangement, equipment and supplies for your kitchen-

ette. In the second, every-day meals, cooking for one, half-hour dinners and economical menus are fully discussed. In the third, entertaining—every kind, from breakfasts on around the clock!

The trouble with most women who live alone is that they don't know how to get themselves a balanced meal without a discouraging amount of work. But this book makes it both simple and fascinating, so that even if you come home late on a stormy night, without having stopped at the market or a delicatessen, you can prepare yourself a real meal from your emergency shelf—that is, if you have obeyed the directions in the front of the book and keep on hand the stock Miss Taylor advises. As an example of the kind of detailed help the "Kitchenette Cook Book" gives you, here is one of these "stormy night" meals: Cream of Potato Soup, Bacon and Lettuce Sandwiches, Cherries, Sweet Biscuits, Coffee. "When you come in," begins Miss Taylor, leading you maternally into your kitchenette, "peel two large sized potatoes, cut them in quarters and put on to boil in just enough water to cover. Peel and cut an onion and add to this. The potatoes will be thoroughly done by the time you return to the kitchen, say in about 20 minutes." And so on, taking you step by step to the finished feast. There are many meals, some requiring more preparation, of course, but all of them are treated in the same understanding, sensible way. A book like this might well be part of the furnishings of every small kitchenette along with the range or the electric refrigerator! Perhaps some day it will be . . .

Up in the northeast corner of Massachusetts, in February, the ground is frozen hard, the trees are bare of leaf—or perhaps everything is covered deep with snow and ice. I'm not quite sure about the snow and ice at the moment, but I'm reasonably certain that there are no flowers, blossoms or edible fruits in sight along that bit of the Atlantic seaboard. In my memory, moreover, that particular town was too far from metropolitan markets ever to display out-of-season vegetables and fruits. The end of June and the beginning of July stood out on the calendar as the time when we ate strawberries and peas! A Fourth of July dinner without delicious fresh green peas was almost unheard of—comparable only to Thanksgiving without a turkey! Strawberry shortcake, the kind my mother made, was an event, a royal dessert that caused the rest of the meal to fade to insignificance. Indeed, we preferred to let as little as possible in the way of other ordinary food interfere with the full enjoyment of the treat which we had been looking forward to since the last strawberry season. It took a big plate for that huge crusty individual biscuit, which formed the base of our special strawberry shortcake. After it had been split and generously buttered while still hot and filled with crushed berries, more of that heavenly crushed strawberry-and-sugar mixture was poured all over it. A

good big spoonful of whipped cream and on top of that a few whole berries, saved out for their astonishing size and juicy perfection, decorated what in my humble opinion remains far and away the most delicious dessert I have ever eaten or hope to eat! . . . And that wasn't what I started to say at all. What I was getting at was the fact that right now, according to my private reporter, back in that icy, winter-bound corner of Massachusetts, strawberries are being sold in the grocery stores alongside the carrots and bananas at the startlingly low price of two boxes for 29 cents—quart boxes they are, too! While here, in the land of perpetual summer (according to popular belief elsewhere) and abundant fruits, we have no strawberries at all in our markets! Moreover, I was told that there won't be any for at least a month and that importing them from a distance is seldom satisfactory. It gave me rather a jolt to realize that life in my little home town by the sea has been moving along out of its simple and sophisticated past. It wasn't so long ago—or was it?—that strawberries in February were rare luxuries only to be found in the exclusive marts of Boston trade, 38 miles away. And now you can get them casually when you go uptown to do your daily errands! Well, well! . . . Oh, yes, certainly, I know you can get strawberries on Ocean avenue, Carmel, California, in February. Ewig has them—frozen.

If we could only combine the best features of New England with the best features of California—ah, there's my idea of Utopia!

—CONSTANT EATER

+ + +

'Porgy and Bess' At San Jose

The much-heralded "Porgy and Bess," George Gershwin's folk opera, goes on the road in concert version, beginning in San Jose next Monday evening, March 7, when the Denny-Watrous management presents it in the Civic Auditorium, and ultimately to London.

Supporting the New York principals, Todd Duncan, Ann Brown, Ruby Elzy, Georgette Harvey and others, is the famed Eva Jessye choir, which is a full concert attraction in itself, being said to be the finest Negro ensemble in America. Alexander Steinert, the noted pianist, composer and conductor, will conduct the performance.

George Gershwin labored over two years on "Porgy and Bess," auditing over 1000 Negroes before the cast was finally chosen. Gershwin became nationally famous with his *Rhapsody in Blue*, his *American in Paris*, *Concerto in F*, and song hits from such musical comedies as "Lady Be Good," "Tip Toes," "Funny Face," "Pardon My English," etc. When his untimely death at the age of 38 cut off his activity, he was in Hollywood working on music for "Damsel in Distress."

Seats for "Porgy and Bess" in San Jose March 7 are on sale at Lial's Music Shop.

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You Have To Have Considerable Something To Do What Flavia Did in 'Cradle Song'

You have to have something in the matter of personality and dramatic ability to be able to make a deep impression when you present nothing physical to the audience but about 36 square inches of your face. When I went home from "Cradle Song" last Saturday night my strongest memory was of Flavia Flavin and it yet remains strongly with me.

As Sister Joanna of the Cross in the Carmel Players' third play at the Filmarte Theatre last week or, at least on the night I saw it, Flavia stood boldly out from the background of the sombre habiliments of herself and her sister nuns to score what I consider was quite a decided triumph. She had the emotional role, but it could so easily have been done without the desired emotion, or, as so often happens, with a sickening affluence of it. Flavia played it at the beginning with the restraint which was demanded by her walk in life, and finally with the abandon compelled by the fullness of her heart.

Completely, "Cradle Song" was admirably done by the local cast. It is not difficult to imagine it more convincingly done by a cast schooled in the art of the theater, but Chick McCarthy's accomplishment with the human material he had at hand was a most satisfying thing.

Next to Flavia Flavin in line for orchids is Betty Bryant, whose dramatic interpretation of the so-called, petulant, grumbling vicar, had supreme ease and conviction. Unlike Flavia, however, she had her intense, most individual characterization to help her. The playwrights gave her more assistance.

So it was with Dorothy Comingore. You can't skip a beautiful, lovely girl out against a back-drop of sombre-clad figures and the stern, unadorned walls of a nunnery and not cause missing heartbeats on the other side of the footlights. Dorothy Comingore does the same thing to you on Ocean avenue that she did this last weekend at the Filmarte. That's her cross, or her pillar of fire. She garnished it in "Cradle Song" with good acting and the charm of her voice, but God, who, it is said, creates golden fields of poppies in that mysterious way he has of performing wonders, walked hand-in-hand out on that stage with her.

Connie Bell as the prioress and Milt Latham as the doctor were the other two outstanding characters in the play and gave to it their semi-

professional ability. Connie hadn't much given her by the playwrights to permit us to get all of her we would like to have had, and Milt was a utility man, as a matter of fact, necessary to carry the story along and present a foil for some of the best lines from the nuns.

As a play, one can't get excited about "Cradle Song." There is nothing exciting about it; nothing new as a dramatic incident which was all it is. Undoubtedly it has suffered in translation from the whom a girl would go into ecstasies, the subtleties of Spanish and French to the syllables and phrases of English and we must have lost much that the playwrights wrote into the play.

Ted Leidig, who played the swain who had captured the foundling's love to a point of rapture, didn't present himself as one for whom a girl would go into ecstasies, but this first appearance of his on a stage does give you the very definite idea that it won't be long before he does some fine work in Carmel theatricals.

All in all, I went to "Cradle Song" with deep forebodings. I didn't like the idea of the play in the first place, and I had been told by several persons who, I thought, ought to know, that it wasn't so good. But when on my way home Saturday night the clock on the instrument board registered 10:45 I was surprised; surprised that it could have been that late. Something must have carried me quickly through more than two hours. It must have been "Cradle Song."

—W. K. B.

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DOG DAYS— AND NIGHTS



Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

The toast of the canine Army set is a newcomer, Miss Sherry Lawrence, a very pretty little Pekingese, recently adopted by Lieutenant and Mrs. Robert Fergusson of the Monterey Presidio. Sherry's in-laws, (her mistress is the former Charlotte Lawrence), Buck and Wimpy Lawrence, well known villagers, heartily approve of the young lady and like to have her come "over the hill" to visit them. And small wonder, for Sherry has a demure charm that is quite devastating.

That incomparable traveler, Kiltie Ziegler, of Pasadena, passed through Carmel the other day with his master, Charles Ziegler. Kiltie stopped off to see his girl friend, Mickey de Packh. (There is a rumored romance between these two, but Mickey blushing declares that they are "just good friends.")

Pal certainly is a dare-devil. He braved being picked up by the poundman the other day just to come up town and see how things were going. He was seen lumbering up Ocean avenue alone, without so much as a collar, making the rounds of his favorite haunts, greeting his friends with his inimitable grin.

"Quarantine or no quarantine, this is my town and I gotta see to it that everything's all right," he said, as he waddled off to the next place.

The magic charm of Carmel has cast its spell on another new resident and brought about the metamorphosis of Nani Ball. Her friends used to call her Neurotic Nani because of her uncertain and volcanic disposition. Now she has become "Gentle Julia," so sweet and pleasant has she grown. It must be the delightful atmosphere of Vagabond House where she is staying with her master and mistress, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Ball, as guests of Don Blanding, or the happy life she leads, or the sea air. Anyhow, Nani lives up to her name which means "charming" in Hawaiian.

By the way, is it true that there is a "Pyramis and Thisbe" romance going on through a knot-hole in the fence between Nani and her dashing neighbor, Trigger Murphy, the wire-haired terrier next door, owned by Commander Murphy? (Maybe it is Trigger and not Carmel, after all, that has changed her.)

Oh, don't you wish you had a tail
To wiggle in the wind;
A part of you that will not fail
To follow on behind?
A sort o' lumpy, bumpy, stump,
That seems attached to you,
And telegraphs with flumpy thump,
The thing it wants to do.

Say, don't you wish you always had
A part that was the end
Of your beginning, good or bad,
That still remained your friend;
A friend that you could shake at
will,
Withal a good friend, who
Through thick or thin was faithful
still,
And ever close to you?

From "Wags," by JOHN TAYLOR

SHOP TALK

All week the sunniness was gone but in its stead were the near feeling of sky and earth and the smell of rain on pine trees. And of oak logs and manzanita burning. And of the musky acacias. And the sharp-sweet Scotch Broom yellowing everywhere.

Engracia opened Monday after the two weeks' absence of Grace Matthews Case, who was off buying Easter hats... so that we, who have been anticipating them and peeking through the white Venetian blinds of Engracia, now have original desert and beach models from which to choose. Rough sailboats in adobe and Aztec naturales, brims tilted at prophetic planes (the summer hats will follow meekly). And casual, soft-brimmed hats of linen or bako, some of them tied with Indian cashmere silks, and others in more formal lead. With this brief glance, we leave you to your own discoveries.

"...the Thracian ships and foreign faces."

Shim Kuster is a boy who likes ships. When he looks at ships and sailing boats, and skiffs even, his eyes have a new knowledge in them. With the light shining on him... say, the white light of early morning or the lamplight when he's reading about faraway places to where ships might sail, he's a boy with plans growing. One day he was telling Terry Ogden... and now the face of a boy, who likes ships better than anything else, is a portrait that grew out of shadow and light.

"Dusk ran before me to its strand
And cloudily leaned forth to touch
The moon's slow wonder with her hand."

Little girls like pretty clothes and they know how it feels to be "dressed up" even when they're four, to say nothing of being six or eight. Besides, they know which dresses come from the Jack and Jill Shop. And, for a limited time, Jack and Jill dresses and sweaters are being marked to cost, beginning at \$1.50 (one to three years), and going to \$1.95 (four to six years) and then, with various prices, up to \$5.95 (seven to twelve years). There are exceptional things in every group. Fast colors, pre-shrunk materials in wash taffeta, pimalette, imported gingham, sheer cotton challis, and in domestic prints, including the Paint Box patterns. Some of the French prints have exquisite Chinese coloring in the soft low tones. Many of them are made entirely by hand, while nearly all have hand-worked details... such as embroidery on collar and cuffs, smocking, faggoting, hand-turned buttons, thread-like tucking, hand-made lace. Although these dresses are

distinctive for their fashion, if you please... they were also designed for active and growing little women so that mothers will find good hems, sturdy seams, full backs, and some with side pleats which may be let out. During this unusual opportunity to be a very well dressed little girl, please ask especially to see the "Munich" or the "Tulip" dress.

"...the blind belief of ivy
climbing slowly toward the sun."

Would you guess that Talon fasteners had an early start in 1907? It is true, though, that nobody in 1907 was thinking of putting 36-inch magenta zippers down the front of sky-blue dresses. But there are more color climates than that at the Ynez shop since the hand-dyed cottons came, in winterleaf, cypress, fawn, sunrise, lime, quince, raspberry, etc. The point is to choose a dress, jacket, slacks, shirt and the new knee-length play dress in an "accommodating" color scheme which will be interchangeable. Did you ever try winterleaf slacks and jacket (the jackets are Heidelberg undergraduates) with, for instance, a lime shirt? If your hair is sunburned and indefinite blond, and your eyes are brown, you'll know what a find this combination is. But there are many contrasts from which to choose, either in sets or in the separate pieces. You may choose your own belts, zippers and buttons if you like. These comfortable clothes are sun-fast, washable, and well-tailored. As to details, even the wooden buttons are hand-dyed and are tied on, not sewn.

Folly-Gaiety-Vanity-Tease — and what do they mean? They're personality colors in Phoenix Vita-Bloom hosiery and they mean all the subtle tone changes from golden to rust, precisely shaded for women who appreciate harmonized grooming. The colors are radiant-clear through an exclusive process which restores the vitality to silk, lost through manufacturing. This

Terry Ogden
Camera Portraitist

Seven Arts Court
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Clothes with Personality

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process adds elasticity and strength to the individual threads, for snag resistance and long wear. Besides, it slenderizes because it takes away the unflattering sheen. Naturally, women in Carmel who wear hosiery that looks well and wears well, go to Meagher's for Vita-Bloom.

—KATHRYN WINSLOW

COMMANDER PETERSON NEW
CARMEL LAND DIRECTOR

Commander M. J. Peterson, U. S.N., retired, was elected a member of the board of directors and a vice-president of the organization at a special stockholders' meeting of the Carmel Land Company in Carmel on Tuesday of this week. Paul Flanders was re-elected president. James H. Thoburn is secretary-treasurer. These, with Henry Gutterston, the architect, and Ernest Schweninger, constitute the board of directors.

Mary Wyman, a frequent and recent visitor to Carmel, leapt to her death last week from the eighth floor of a hotel in Omaha.



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DRY GOODS

Forum To Show Movies Here Of Africa

On Thursday, March 10, at 8 p.m., in the Sunset Auditorium, the Carmel Forum offers another outstanding number with Gustav Grahn, in person, giving an account of his African adventures in a discussion and motion picture presentation, "In Lion-Land with the Movie Camera."

Mr. Grahn was born in Sweden, a few miles south of the Arctic Circle. Between years of schooling in America and graduate study at two European universities, travel and a flair for the unusual became his avocation.

His outstanding pictures, his smooth delivery, and his dynamic personality have won him immediate approval as a lecturer, both here and abroad.

Grahn's motion pictures are in black and white and natural colors. They are projected with a special 16 mm. machine which is powerful enough to give brilliant pictures for an audience as large as 2500.

Grahn and his party spent four months in the wildest regions of East Africa. His photography is natural without artificiality. He simply went into the East African wilds with his camera and photographed animal and human life as he found it. For that reason, his work is a simple, yet an extremely effective collection of pictures.

The Carmel Forum is a part of the community program of Adult Education and is open to the public without charge.

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WPA TO SHOW MOVIES OF RECREATIONAL WORK

What the WPA Recreational Project is doing in California will be shown to Carmel in motion pictures at Sunset Auditorium this afternoon at 1 o'clock. The program is not only for children, but J. H. Brand, county supervisor of recreation for the WPA, particularly invites parents to see the picture. Now that the WPA is assisting Carmel in providing recreation for the children through the provision of play supervisors, parents should be interested in the government's activities in this line, showing what is possible by co-operation of the WPA and civic communities.

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READING READINESS

("Reading Readiness is the second in a series of articles by Otto W. Bardarson, principal of Sunset School, on the principles and technique of the curriculum used at the school.—Ed.)

By OTTO W. BARDARSON

Reading is the pathway to knowledge and to all those fields that beckon to man's interest and curiosity. To read with facility, to comprehend and to interpret clearly is an accomplishment of no mean merit. In considering progress in reading we are prone to misjudge the learner if we do not evaluate carefully the factors that contribute to or detract from the child's reading readiness. These factors should be recognized and studied by the parent as well as by the teacher as the home environment plays its part in determining the child's beginning progress in reading.

As certain physiological processes are essential to progress in reading it is well to consider some of the disabilities which will handicap the child. Visual defects may be responsible for tendencies to read backwards or to reverse words such as saw and was, to skip words or lines, to confuse words of similar shape, or to retard speed of reading. Many of these defects can be detected by an eye specialist and remedial measures applied to correct them. Partial deafness may cause the child to confuse words similar in sound and may explain errors in the vowel and consonant sounds. Lack of auditory and visual coordination is a common handicap to reading progress. We have had children in the third grade who have been extremely poor readers but when they have reached a certain stage of physiological development and coordination they have quickly acquired facility in reading.

The motor or muscular control and the physical condition of the child may have been affected by illness or a debilitating condition. This would explain a certain unsocial conduct, nervousness, fatigue, and lack of ability to concentrate.

If the child is emotionally imma-

ture and shows his dependence on adults to too great an extent he will have difficulty. Large beginning classes require a certain initiative and independence on the part of the child as the teacher has to diffuse her energy and attention toward many. The inhibited child can easily acquire an antagonistic or an escape attitude and the problem becomes a real one. If the tensions and inhibitions of the emotionally immature child can be dissolved the teacher is able to reach him.

Many children come from foreign language homes and must acquire a vocabulary before being initiated into reading. Some homes provide a very limited language and environmental background. The child is gravely affected where there is insecurity in the home.

The native intelligence of the child must be determined so that the reading program will be presented on his level. Parents sometimes feel that because a child has satisfactory social intelligence and a bright and cheery manner that he must be well equipped for learning. It is only fair to the child that the parent and teacher evaluate all factors and refrain from permitting surface indications to affect their attitude toward the child.

The school sometimes adds to the difficulties enumerated above by not considering pupil differences and failing to provide adequate remedial approach.

Reading readiness then is not a condition miraculously acquired when the child enters the first grade. It comes when the child has been subjected to essential educational processes and his nature and abilities enable him to grasp the problems confronting him.

The third article will touch briefly on some of the techniques of teaching reading. —O. W. B.

Legion Auxiliary Fashion Show Proves To Be Big Success

With Carmel women busily shopping on Monday for the spring clothes which were shown at the American Legion Auxiliary Fashion Show the Saturday evening before, we know that the preview was an immense success.

"What Next?" the skit presented at the show, turned out to be a farce on the city council. In 1948 an all-feminine body is still confronted with the familiar problem of sewage disposal. This time the remedy is an uplift, outflow system, whose vertical shank will be WPA-carved into the guise of a Totem Pole.

Marian Todd, as mayoress, wields "the hatchet that Bassett buried," a little stained with Pine pitch. Her councilwomen, with all to give for Carmel's civic improvement, are Marie Stockton, Eva Mayer, Katherine Brady and Lucile Cottrell.

Verne Regan and Frances Hudgins, co-authors of the farce, take their bow as Carmel's leading satirists. Mollie Darling directed, and Charlie Van Riper gave his considerable assistance to the play.

As usual, Carmel shops responded generously to the show, hurrying last minute rush orders to be in time—matching up formals with evening sandals—beach clogs with play clothes and bathing suits—the

right bag to carry—the proper hats.

In fact, they were as busy as the committee who transformed the Legion Hall into a fashion center (for the night only!). Mrs. R. R. Wallace brought armfuls of acacia and laurel leaves. While she got them all tacked into place, Flora Stewart made great and fragile bouquets of the fruit blossoms. Kay Knudsen attended to the lights. In charge of music was Anne Ewig; publicity went to Rene Moore. Gladys Johnston, who was general chairman, worked steadily at it for days.

Eleanor Irwin introduced the models and talked about the costume each was wearing, and the shop from which it came. Those shops which participated were Cinderella, Der Ling, Jean Ritchie's Yarn Shop, Anna Katz, Irene Lucien, Viennese and Ynez. Imelman's lent beach sandals and the new cork clogs.

The models were Mrs. Raymond Brownell, Maxine Burhans, Marjorie Lee Davis, Ellen Skaden, Cecile Hampton, Sally Fry, Maxine Laney, Pauline Lighter, Adrienne Lillico, Sally McCreery, Bernice Riley, Helen Sears, Betty Jane Seabury, Betty Rae Sutton, Marguerite Tickle and Mildred Adams.

André did the hair of each girl—twice. A preliminary at the shop

on Friday and Saturday—and the final retouching in "the wings" just before their appearance. With 16 girls you can imagine what a job that was.

Terry Ogden did his part before the rush started, way back in the week before. Betty Jane Seabury and Marguerite Tickle posed for the Cinderella and Der Ling shops, respectively.

When all is said and done—and the gate receipts counted up—Carmel may feel just pride in knowing that the money raised will go to the Auxiliary's welfare children, especially those concerning Carmel children. —KATHRYN WINSLOW

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New Hand Phones Now in Carmel

You remember not long ago the *New Yorker* had a story about new desk telephone sets, officially named "combined-hand" telephones. The *New Yorker* discovered that the telephone company was installing them for new customers and letting old ones have them if they put their names down and waited. The new phones are the same hand-type we have become accustomed to, but they are bigger at the base and in the base is the bell. Pretty neat, eh? You don't have to have a bell-box tacked to the wall or your desk.

And now we've got them in Carmel. Linda Rooke-Ley showed us hers at Macbeth's the other day, and Sally says she has one in her home. There are about 20 installed in Carmel.

They're pretty neat and you'll want one. If you now have a telephone, it'll cost you \$1.50 to get one of the new kind. The telephone company is like that—it turns a screw, or twists a wire, and it costs you \$1.50. There doesn't seem to be anything the telephone company has that costs less than \$1.50.

But you can pay more than \$1.50. Oh, much more! For \$12 you can get one of the phones in any one of ten colors: statuary bronze, medium gold, dark gold, old brass, oxidized silver, ivory, gray green, dark blue, Peking red, and old rose. We're not certain that Mr. Sexton has any of these on hand, but he can order them for you. And with the aid of Shreve's in San Francisco he might produce a gold-plated one, with a circlet of precious stones. One of these got ordered in New York and it cost \$300.

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Carmel Now Has Mask Maker

If you were at the meeting of the book section of the Carmel Woman's Club Wednesday morning you will remember those lovely masks made by Harry Lew Perkins, 21, who with his family came from New York City about a year ago to make his home here in Carmel. There were six masks, one of Snow White, one of Hex, the witch, one of the wicked queen, and three of the dwarfs. Harry became interested in Walt Disney's work a short time ago and soon there will be a mask for every character in "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs."

Although Harry has not done

much work in Carmel, his work has been exhibited at the Brooklyn Museum and the Museum of Natural History in New York. Not only does he make masks, but he does woodcarving, drawing and painting and won the Saint Gaudens' medal for handicraft when he was a student at the Boys' High School in Brooklyn. He has also won New York City Art League medals.

He is working in the adult education classes at Monterey High School now, and from what we've seen, it certainly looks as though Harry is going to do big things, and we would like to see a lot more of his work.

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EL FUMADOR IS BOUGHT BY L. P. LAWLER

El Fumador, newstand, cigar store and sports shop, has been sold by R. F. Haller to L. P. Lawler, an employee of the telephone company. Lawler took charge of the place on March 1.

Mr. and Mrs. Haller, and their son, Neil Twilegar, who have operated the place for 12 years and have gained a wide circle of friends in Carmel, are leaving here within a week or two for Placerville where they have acquired mining interests.

Carmel Dominates

S. F. Chronicle Rotogravure Section

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Would You Like A Part In 'Topaze'?

Try-outs for "Topaze," next production of the Carmel Players, to be given at the Filmarte Theatre March 24, 25, 26 and 27, are continuous. Anyone who is interested in taking part in this play is asked to go down to the theatre and read some lines.

"Topaze," Marcel Pagnol's satirical comedy, was originally produced by Lee Shubert at the Music Box Theatre in New York, where it ran for 20 weeks. After the outstanding success of the English adaptation, a French cast was brought over to present the play in the original version.

So far the cast is as follows: Lee Crowe will play Topaze, the simple schoolmaster, transformed by a series of circumstances into an aggressive man of affairs; Mary Henderson will play Suzy Courtois, the lady whom he loved and trusted, though she confused him by getting him to enter innocently into a swindling game; Lloyd Weer will enact Castel-Benac, the contriving political racketeer who used Topaze as his tool to his ultimate discomfiture, and Gene Watson will play Muche, the politic, favor-carrying headmaster, who discharged Topaze for marking a rich pupil's work too honestly, and thus started the simple teacher on a wilder and more anxious career.

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Teilhet's New Book Can Be Had Soon

"Journey to the West," Darwin Teilhet's latest book, will be available to the public around the middle of this month. Teilhet has a great fondness for his native West Coast, and the mystery novel, "Ticking Terror Murders," was laid in Carmel and Pebble Beach.

"Journey to the West" shows a hilariously amazing sense of humor which evoked a good many giggles, although we were inclined to agree with a linotype operator who said, "Couldn't quite get the point of it." There are chapters devoted to many cities and towns on this coast, but Teilhet does not stick so tenaciously to his story that any local color is lost. It has been said that the book "will never get a tepid reaction; some will hate it, some love it, but none will deny that it is an extremely unusual novel." It touches on many diverse and significant phases of present-day American life and the inside dope on so many things is astounding.

The chapter entitled "The Carmel Snub" was a little disappointing because we expected it to do more than mention Carmel a few times, but our spirits were revived by gratifying descriptions of other parts of the Peninsula.

The satire, burlesque, irony and complete honesty will make this new novel interesting and compelling even if you don't like it.

Teilhet has visited in Carmel many times and apparently finds the place much to his liking.

+ + +

Muriel Vanderbilt Phelps entertained with a dinner party recently at her Carmel Valley home, inviting Mr. and Mrs. S. F. B. Morse, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Winslow, Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Buckley and Mr. and Mrs. John Magee.

A cocktail party was given at the studio of Adolph Teilhet in Carmel Woods Monday afternoon with Anne Greene and Jerry Chance acting as co-hosts.

THINGS TO COME



PLAYS

The Carmel Players present "Topaze" Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights, March 24, 25, 26 and 27 at the Filmarte Theatre. Tickets on sale at the door or call 403 for reservations.

MOTION PICTURES

Carmel Theatre. Ocean and Mission. Tonight, Katherine Hepburn and Ginger Rogers in "Stage Door." Saturday, Ian Hunter and Pat Paterson in "52nd Street" and Peter Lorre and Jayme Regan in "Thank you, Mr. Moto." Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, Carole Lombard and Frederic March in "Nothing Sacred" and Walt Disney's "Academy Award Revue." Wednesday, Frank Morgan, Florence Rice and John Beal in "Beg, Borrow or Steal." Also 10-Win. Thursday and Friday, Walter Winchell, Ben Bernie and Simone Simon in "Love and Hisses" and Lewis Hayward and Barbara Read in "Midnight Intruder."

TRAVELOGUE

The Carmel and Monterey Posts of the American Legion present Alton Walker's colored movies "Around the World by Freighter" to-night and tomorrow night at 8 p.m. at Sunset Auditorium. Admission 50¢, Children 25¢. Tickets on sale at Staniford's and at the door.

PISTOL CLUB

Carmel Pistol Club meets every second Tuesday in month in basement of P.G. & E. building on Dolores at 8:30 p.m.

DRAMA WORKSHOP

Sunday and Friday at 7:30 at Pine Inn. Acting expression and technique. Dan James in charge.

Monday night at 7:30 at Pine Inn. Shakespeare, streamlined and cut for production. Chick McCarthy in charge.

Tuesday night at 7:30 at Pine Inn. Play writing and original manuscripts under Charlie Van Riper.

Wednesday night at 7:30 at Pine Inn. Costume designing. Eleanor Irwin in charge. Lighting under Kay Knudsen and backstage construction under B. Franklin Dixon.

Thursday night at 7:30 at Pine Inn. Radio Workshop with John Eaton in charge.

Please use Monte Verde entrance to all Workshop meetings at Pine Inn.

CHESS

Regular meeting of the Chess Club tonight at 8 o'clock at the Manzanita Club on Dolores street. All interested in the game are invited to join.

MARIONETTE THEATER

John and Mitzi's Marionette and Dance Studio. Mountain View at Eighth, across from the Forest Theater. Performances, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday at 8 p.m. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Phone Carmel 728 for reservations. The play for this week is Hal Garrott's "Squiffer."

CAMERA CLUB

Meets the second Tuesday in every month at Pine Inn. Any camera addict should be interested in the group work. See Peter Burk at Carmel Drug or Lloyd Weer at the P. G. & E. office.

LEGAL NOTICE

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF MONTEREY.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM TURNER, Deceased, No. 6227.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the Estate of William Turner, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to file their claims with the necessary vouchers within six months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Monterey in the City of Salinas, County of Monterey, State of California, or to present said claims with the necessary vouchers within said six months to the said Administratrix at the office of Argyll Campbell and Shelburn Robison in the New Post Office Building, City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, County of Monterey, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of William Turner, deceased. Dated February 24th 1938.

EMMA TURNER OHM

Administratrix of the Estate of William Turner, Deceased.

ARGYLL CAMPBELL
SHELburn ROBISON
Attorneys for Administratrix
Date of first publication, Feb. 25, 1938.
Date of last publication, March 25, 1938.

SUNSET SCHOOL NEWS

Pupils of Sunset School will hear Charles McCarthy, director of the Carmel Players, read "Dr. Faustus" this morning, March 4, at 11 o'clock in the school auditorium.

CONSERVATION WEEK

Conservation of natural resources will have the attention of Sunset School pupils during the week of March 7-14. Each class is planning an observation of some kind, during which pupils will make a study of our country's natural wealth and the means being employed and proposed to eliminate waste.

INTRAMURAL BASEBALL

Championship games were played this week in the intramural baseball series at Sunset School. The standing of the teams on March 2 was as follows:

	Won	Lost
Cougars	4	1
Ramblers	4	1
Sluggers	4	1
Panthers	1	4
Maulers	1	4
Wolves	1	4

GIRLS' BASEBALL

A schedule of intramural baseball for girls of the fourth, fifth, and sixth grades will start Monday, March 7, after school on the girls' playfield. Thirty girls have signed up for the series. Miss Helen Slater, Recreation Director, will be umpire.

MARIONETTES

John and Mitzi Beaton's marionettes entertained about 350 Sunset School students Friday, February 25. After the performance of "The Palace of the Sea King," John and Mitzi gave a "close-up" of the little figures in action to a curious crowd of pupils, a number of whom plan to make marionettes of their own in the near future. The pupils were especially interested in Caesar, the dog.

DIET EXPERIMENT

Three cages of white rats were the center of interest at Sunset School this week, as an experiment in diet was started by Mrs. Helen Poulsen, foods instructor and cafeteria supervisor.

Before starting the varied diets, which will show the influence of milk and vegetables on growth and health, Mrs. Poulsen visited each of the classes in the school with the rats. There are three animals in

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THE CYMBAL'S CLASSIFIED ADS

cost 30 cents a line a month—that is if you let them stand.

each of the three cages, all of them the same age and weight. Up to this time, they have been fed exactly the same diet.

Observations will be made by the children at regular intervals, and a weight chart is to be kept. At the end of 8 or 10 weeks, difference in weight and condition of fur should be marked. There may also be a development of scurvy and xerophthalmia, an eye disease caused by vitamin deficiency.

TEACHERS' MEETING

Preliminary plans for Public School Week, April 25-29, were discussed by teachers at the weekly meeting Tuesday noon, March 1. It was decided to have the program follow the usual plan, featuring the music of the school. Visitors will be invited to come to the classrooms during the week to observe teaching and class routine.

REPORTS BY PUPILS

The first game of the championship baseball series was won by the Sluggers, who beat the Ramblers 9 to 3. Captain of the Ramblers is Jim Reichert, and captain of the Sluggers is Donald Staniford. Gordy Miyamoto and DeWitt Appleton pitched for the Ramblers, and Harold Albright for the Sluggers. The Ramblers' catcher was John Murphy, and the Sluggers' catcher was Kent Whitcomb. The Sluggers scored 7 runs in the fourth inning.

—HENRIETTA ERICKSON, 7th

The Sixth Grade, with the help of Miss Anna Marie Baer, has been drawing and coloring a series of pictures on Rome. We have about 22 of these to date. Elinor Smith has made the best one so far. It is Horatius at the bridge.

—ANTHONY VAN RIPER, 6th

Bennett Cerf, president of Random House which publishes the works of Robinson Jeffers, spent the week-end at Tor House with the Jeffers.

Mrs. Robinson Jeffers spoke on Ancient Irish Music at Occidental College last week.

BECHDOLT DOESN'T GET AWAY WITH OVERCOAT

At a recent party Fred Bechdolt showed what comes of writing about crooks. You get to acquire the taking ways of 'em. Bech tried to steal somebody else's overcoat at this party. They had the goods on him. When he came to leave he was handed a coat which didn't look so good to him and he wouldn't take it. He insisted it wasn't his. He stewed around, said something about the place having all the earmarks of Alcatraz and a lot of other things that made his perfectly nice host and hostess decide not to invite him again—that is, not for a week or two. The climax and the denouement of it all was that all persons present were stood up and arrayed in their overcoats. The one left over had to be Bech's, and it was the same one he had refused. Reports are that he was trying to get away with one some nine years newer than his.

+ + +

Paul Mercurio, vice-president of the State Firemen's Association, was a speaker at the dinner given recently for the Contra Costa County Firemen's Association at Pittsburg.

TAXI?

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40

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Milstein Here, But, My How We Suffered!

After causing considerable consternation, to say nothing of more work within two three-hour periods than members of the Carmel Music Society ever want to do again, Nathan Milstein, due here Wednesday night for his concert at Sunset Auditorium, arrived last night.

The music society was selling tickets fast and furiously Wednesday afternoon when Milstein telephoned from Santa Barbara that his train was stalled somewhere south of there; that the automobile road was blocked by floods and that he preferred not to fly.

Whereupon Mrs. Flanders marshaled her efficient forces and telephoned to everyone who had bought tickets that the concert was off. It was expected, or apprehended, that Milstein could not be heard here at all this season since he had an engagement for last night at Salt Lake City.

But somehow the Salt Lake City date was changed and he notified the society yesterday morning that he would be here last night. Whereupon Mrs. Flanders again marshaled her efficient forces and telephoned to everybody who had bought tickets that the concert was on.

+ + +

Frederick Teichert, of Sacramento, spent the week-end here visiting his brother, Adolph.

+

Bob and Jane Payne left Carmel yesterday after spending a week here. Bob is the publisher of the San Jose Evening News.



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No More Cases of Rabies Will Lift Quarantine

(Continued from Page One)

Carmel streets and two or three unhappy animals carted over to the pound.

So, while you may watch and pray, it is safest to keep your dog at home or on a leash when you take him out—for a little while longer, anyway.

+

We have before us a very business-like looking report entitled, "Rabies Control, Monterey Peninsula, March 1, 1938."

There are figures galore, and this part of our news report thereon is being written before we've looked them over. We like to write stories this way; flying right in the face of all the meanest city editors we've known, and hated. All we've read of the report is the title as shown above, and the signature on the third and final page of it—"W. Earle Duclus, Monterey County Sanitary Inspector supervising rabies control, Monterey Peninsula."

Right here we'd like to say that we are damned glad we aren't W. Earle Duclus, Monterey County Sanitary Inspector supervising rabies control, Monterey Peninsula. We've got a lot of people healthily disliking us, but right now we aren't being hated on this side of the Carmel Hill the way W. Earle Duclus is.

However, W. Earle says in his report, now that we glance at it, that between February 1 and March 1 there were impounded in Monterey 107 animals (probably all dogs), Pacific Grove, 36; Carmel, 31, and County districts, 31. (Right here we seek permission to remark that 32 Carmel dog owners have complained to us in the past two weeks, so there's a discrepancy in Earle's report somewhere.)

Under "Table No. 2" we find that in Monterey there have been 164 inspections and investigations during the month of February, 1938. In Pacific Grove, 107 in Carmel and 106 in the County districts.

Now, which will cause Carmel dog owners to exultate their blood pressure some, under "Table No. 3" we find that "positive cases of animal rabies" discovered from November, 1937 to March 1, 1938, are two in Monterey, two in Pacific Grove, none in Carmel and none in the County districts, and under "Table No. 4" that animals bitten by rabid animals during the same period are two in Monterey, three in Pacific Grove, none in Carmel. The most important part of this table is that which records that of the five cases, three occurred during February.

Now, the next table shows that while there have been four dogs found positively to have had rabies, two others come under "inconclusive report" which probably means that the final report is not in to date.

The report shows that 15 persons have been given anti-rabies prophylaxis during the four-month period, one of whom is a Carmel resident.

Seventy-six persons on the Peninsula reported being bitten by animals during the four months, and five of these are Carmel residents.

That last item is the important one. It is the one that has to be given serious consideration when we are prompted to wail against the quarantine. It is true that those bitten have not suffered serious consequences, but they might have been, had not treatment been given those who suffered bites from suspected animals, four of whom were

The Carmel Cymbal

later found to have had rabies.

The quarantine is not a pleasant thing; in fact, it is extremely unpleasant, but the county health authorities have good reason to believe that it is necessary and until they are certain that it is not, we will have to accept the much lesser of two unpleasant situations.

+ + +

River Cuts New Channel to Sea

resentment at confinement and raised particular hell getting out.

When the ocean waves built up a barrier which, though flooded, it couldn't maneuver, the river some time last Sunday night, turned directly north at the sandbar at its mouth and, skirting the steep beach parallel with the cliff, forced a channel for itself and poured out into the waves right along the south side of Reamer Point.

It was a grand sight. During Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday scores of people went down to look at it. One of Mr. Mike Murphy's right-hand men went down and saved the small derrick bearing the sand-hauling pulley at the base of which the river licked. Another 24 hours and the thing would have been wallowing in the new river bed at the end of its cable. In fact, there was a time Tuesday when the whole sand-hauling structure, derrick and machinery and all, were threatened by the new trend of the river.

But yesterday morning the flooded stream had cut away the sand bank it had created itself on the ocean side and was once more pouring into the sea only a short distance north of its regular mouth.

But it taught the ocean a lesson, anyway. It gave the waves to understand that when it wants to get out it can get out, sandbar or no sandbar. You may toy with a river when it's low and docile, but it proves a ferocious thing when flooded and raging.

It's going to take a long time for

that beach to get back to normal after what the river did to it this week.

+ + +

Nursery School Opens Mar. 14

The location for the Carmel Co-operative Nursery School has been chosen and the school will open on March 14 with registration on March 7. The June Delight Studio on North Mission is the selected location.

Tonight there is a general meeting of the members of the Peninsula Mothers' Association and anyone who is interested in joining is asked to come also. It will take place at the Recreation Rooms of the Community Church at 8 o'clock and Otto W. Bardarson will speak on "What Nursery School Means to a Child Entering Kindergarten." Mrs. Millard Klein, newly appointed director of the Nursery School, will be introduced and will speak on Nursery School routine.

In order to raise money for necessary materials, there will be a Food Sale tomorrow at the Carmel Garage in charge of Mrs. Walter Neilsen. Donations of the usual sort of food sent to sales will be appreciated.

+ + +

Flavia Flavin was the hostess at a buffet supper following the Saturday night performance of "Cradle Song."

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15

HAS MEANT

TAXI

IN CARMEL

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